

Hey Little Girl is Your Daddy Home by AGenericUser

Series: [The Misadventures of Chief Jim Hopper](#) [2]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Angst, But the child death is canon, Child Death, Drinking, Hurt/Comfort, Smoking

Language: English

Characters: Florence "Flo" (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Sarah Hopper

Relationships: Joyce Byers & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper if you squint

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-03

Updated: 2017-11-03

Packaged: 2022-04-02 01:35:47

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,372

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

It's the anniversary of the death of Hopper's daughter, Sara. Hopper plans on spending the evening alone and drunk but Joyce seems to have different plans.

(Takes place before the start of Stranger Things Season 1)

Hey Little Girl is Your Daddy Home

Author's Note:

I always thought it was strange that Hopper's daughter isn't really touched on so I decided to write some shit about that. This is the longest fan fiction I've written, which seems pretty small in the scheme of things. I originally had a different ending for this but I decided to rewrite the last part because I felt the ending was rushed. I do that a lot, rush endings, I always want to give up halfway through so I find a strangely abrupt way to tie it up. I'm trying to work toward writing a chapter-ed Stranger Things story so I felt like I should work on my dedication to a project.

All rights belong to Netflix and the Duffer brothers.

(Rated teen for swearing.)

Title of work is taken from the song "I'm on Fire" by Bruce Springsteen.

Hopper sits at home, staring at a calendar, on it a date was circled in bright pink. It wasn't just any date, no, it was the birthday of his long since deceased daughter. And, because Hopper was a lucky man, that day was today.

Hopper sits on his worn couch in his grossly uncared for living room. Smoke swims in the air around him, dancing circles around his head until he was left dizzy with the smell of it. The sharp tang of alcohol permeates the air, it smells like he lit a whiskey scented candle. All in all, his house smells of incurable sadness and sharp melancholy, it smells of a man who has long since given up on seeming presentable; it smells like Hopper.

He is broken out of his reverie by the shrill ring of a phone. He contemplates just letting it ring but he decides against that idea. With a gruff sigh, he shoves himself off the couch and stumbles his way over to the noisy phone. Taking a deep breath to compose himself, he leans heavily against the wall and slowly picks the phone up.

"Hopper," he says hoarsely into the receiver, trying his best not to

sound as hungover as he was.

“Hopper, its Flo. Where th-“

“Hi Flo,” he banters, purposely interrupting her.

She sighs, already done with his bullshit, “Where are you?”

“Home.”

‘Hopper,” she tuts disapprovingly.

He doesn’t respond, he honestly can’t think of what to say.

“Look Hopper, Ms. Henderson called to complain tha-“

“I won’t be into work today, Flo.”

“And why’s that?” She sounds suspicious, which isn’t at all surprising.

“I’m not feeling well, todays just,” he cuts himself off, not wanting to reveal more than strictly necessary.

It must click with Flo because she just says; “Oh, I understand, have a nice day Chief.”

And with that she’s hung up.

Sighing, Hopper allows himself a moment to calm his nerves, resting his head against the wall behind him. After a few moments he takes a deep breath and pushes himself off the wall, slowly stumbling toward his couch. Once he’s reached his destination he collapses onto it, closing his eyes briefly. He only takes a short moment’s reprieve before reaching with shaking hands toward the unopened bottle of whiskey on the table. Quickly he unscrews the cap before pouring a hefty amount into his mouth. Drinking so much at once gives him a slight head-rush but he revels in the feeling. Only allowing his body a small rest, he quickly swigs another large gulp from the bottle. The whiskey burns on the way down, it’s cheap and not at all smooth, perfect for occasions like this, when drinking was not out of pleasure but instead self-hatred. The alcohol fogs his mind, he drinks more in an attempt to forget the cheery face of his once happy little girl. The

little girl whom Hopper consumed and destroyed.

Hopper was a black hole, all he did was destroy.

He wasn't sure how long it was before he heard the knock on his door, all he knew for sure is he was way drunker than he should be. What Hopper didn't know was who the hell was knocking on his door, he also didn't seem to know what time it is but that matter seems less pressing. Slowly but surely Hopper shoved himself off the couch and onto his feet, subsequently causing him to knock into the corner of the table and dislodge an empty bottle from its perilous perch. The bottle shatters loudly onto the ground, glass spreading sporadically across the ground. So mesmerized by the broken bottle, Hopper had entirely forgot about the knocking on his door.

"God damnit Hopper, open this door!"

Was that?

"I know you're in there!"

Yes it was; Joyce Byers.

Slowly stumbling his way around the glass he reaches the front door, it takes a few tries to unlock it with how bad his hands are shaking but he manages. Hopper tries to open it slowly but Joyce pushes the thing quickly before barreling into him. He stumbles back at the contact, surprised that Joyce Byers was actually hugging him.

"Jesus Hop, it smells like a bar in here," She mumbles into his chest.

He lets out a dark chuckle, giving her a soft hug in return.

"Sorry I didn't come sooner, I had to wait to get off work," she pulls back, staring at him with apologetic, teary eyes.

"Joyce, it's fine, really."

Gently she guides him back to his couch, he's a stumbling mess but they manage it. She gently picks up shards of glass, he tries to stop her but she just shushes him quickly. Joyce then begins to clean his table of the numerous bottles of alcohol, Hopper has stopped fighting

her efforts entirely by this point.

“Here,” Joyce shoves an opened bottle of water into his shaky hands and plops down on the couch next to him.

Knowing there is no point in fighting the woman he drinks half the bottle before he has to stop, but she still smiles at him sadly.

“It’s okay to be sad Hop, she was your daughter.”

Hopper chokes on his breath, “Stop talking Joyce.”

“Jim, she was your little girl, and the world took her from you.”

His eyes burn and his lungs stutter with failed attempts at breathing clearly. He remembers his little Sara’s stunning blue eyes and gorgeous blonde hair. Thinking back on all the times she laughed, filled with some joy. All of the days and nights spent at the hospital, never leaving the place until his little girl, the light in his life, had faded away entirely. His hands tremor so bad that the water bottle, slick with condensation, slips through his fingers and lands on the floor, the liquid from it making a slow puddle on his carpet.

“Shit,” Hopper curses, rubbing a hand down his face in a small attempt at collecting himself.

Joyce only holds on tighter, hugging the older man to her chest. She smells of stale cigarettes and sugar, a wonderfully weird combination that is endlessly soothing.

The woman says nothing as he cries harder than he has in a long time, letting out all of his cursed emotion onto her chest like some child. At some point Hopper is able to recognize that Joyce is crying too, it makes him feel slightly less mortified.

They sit there in their embrace long after the tears have dried.

“I need a smoke,” Hopper says carefully, breaking the silence.

“I could go for one myself,” Joyce mutters, and begins to stand.

She helps him off the couch and out the door. The two lean against the railing of Hopper’s rickety deck. The Chief slides a cigarette out of the pack, carefully placing the small stick between his lips. He tries

to light it but his hands are shaking too bad for it to actually be effective, Joyce snatches the lighter from his grip after a few moments of him struggling.

“Let me,” she says, and lights the stick for him.

He inhales carefully, letting the nicotine dance in his lungs for a moment before letting his breath out. He can already feel himself calming. Hopper hands the cigarette to Joyce, she takes it happily, smoking it carefully. They repeat this process until the stick has been smoked nearly down to the filter and Hopper stubs it out on the railing. The two just stare out into the ever dimming sky, both lost in thought but enjoying the silent companionship of one another.

“Let’s get back inside,” Joyce whispers to him.

Hopper nods his assent, so they both head into the run down home. Joyce coerces him into laying down upon the couch, she drapes a blanket over him, cocooning him with warmth. He feels his eyes drooping closed without his consent.

“Goodnight Hop,” Joyce’s voice drifts through the smoke infested home.

When Hopper wakes up he smiles to himself in spite of the raging headache and ever pressing nausea. Joyce had to be the kindest of all Gods creations, and he wouldn’t admit it to himself but he thought he might have fallen for the woman.